



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"NEXT to fine-weather friaads," the Densoa says, "aoma waum-waathra friendi"—aad yat I do aot see why, aar can I see what friendi hare to do with the waather aay way, aalari it u to make dark days bright aad fine days finet. However, be that as it may, all my friaads this moath ara waum-waather friendi or aaaa at all, and in my opinia the soaater there's a cooleass among us tha better.

Here is an iden for you: Whenever you are too warm thiak of ice, spell ice, say ice to yourselves oree aad over till you feel bette.

Now, if you are quite comfortable, we'll take up the matter of

ANOTHER CHINCI FOR WORD-MAKING.

PUN, A BIT FURTHER.

DEAR JACK: Tha "disproportionableness" of the length of the two "Long Iforth" in yon Joas semmo, to what should be expected from such wee-noi as we be, is a matter of "incomprehensibleness."

Haas ara tavas letari from which four good English words can be made, using all the letters for each word—

CPLMAEL.

Will you give your hearers and the larra School-ma'am a chance to work them out? ARTUM.

THE CRAB'S LESSON.

HERE is a capital little seaside story, with not a flamma moral to dry it up aatiaily, sent ma oa porpose for you by joat friend Tidnot Jenks:

"Di ar another," aried a littla crab, "I'd like to see a maui."

"I's a merei yet set ayes on oua. Oh, tall ma whaa I caa!"

"Why, conna with oua," his saothar said, and took him merer shore.

"What luck?" said his. "Here comes oar onw. Tray aaaa hia o'ai and o'ai."

The auldet wovei his high stiked ayes and alarped his rliw with joy.

"Behold," this spoke the mother wise, "the kind of man called 'Boy.'"

Those boys ara dicullal meatares, lova. Be carullal where you coma.

Look out! Avoid that mt! That's right. Wa'd better tidla home."

Away thay tid; and, sala at home, the aabler straight begaa

To tell his mother what he thought of that sauage scroolal ma

"How awkward it does seem," said ha, "aad yat I see h's true."

While wa walk straight on eight small legs, he goes sideways on two!

His thall looks soft aad seems to be a kind of tickly plak.

Much oglier than our dnlj green and lovely brown, I think.

With his small aivers how could he tear the weakass hilt to two?

And if he tried to fight a crab—I don't see what he'd do!

His ayes are flat. How caa ha look behiad him to the ca?

I can't see how he lives at all. What can such thiags be?"

"Tis hard to tall," the mother said. "You lathar used to say

That boys aad wets were think, lova, and watful in this way:

Whaa youthul arebs ara luy, i od won't lessa to swim with speed,

These creatines come to punish them, and on their bodias feed!

So walk as fast as you know how, and swim and dive with care,

That when the boys with nets shall scoop, thay will not find you there.

Remember your deus lather's lata—I aith came back to ma

To brag your lather's pasting words, just as he left this tea.

How caratally I've treasared ap his last, his dying aalurge,

'Pitch all that's small or weak,' said he, 'and croa from all that's large.'"

THOUGHTS ABOUT ANIMALS THINKING.

WHETHER animals think or aot [aad Jack thiaks they do], aatiaria it is that the question par lriat this Palpit ia May has set my yoagastars thiakraig. Letets hare come ia from all parts of the world, aad moia, too. Last moath I showed you as maay as I aaaveiaadly aoad, aad aow out of maay good letari at hand, so to speak, I shall give you two that must be thought over by poarselves ia shady groves when you are aot dallying with school-books.

GRIND RIBBES, MICH.

DEER JACK: Ia the May ST. NICHOLAI girl wanted to know if horses, cows, cats, aad dogs, etc., haia tanguages of their own.

My opinion is, that dogs do, har I don't know much about the horses and cows. Here is my proud:

I have a dog. His nama is "Nink," too" (commonly called Nialk); ha has a friand, our neighbor's sing.

"Dnn." For two years these sing have been together, both gring to school with me. Every time I go out fishing they go, too, and the boys become quip interested in their friendship.

Another neighbor bought a dog, and he tried to get

into society with Don and Nank. Nank, however, took a dislike to this dog, and Don liked him.

Don and Nank did not go together any more, since Don paid any attention to the other dog. Nank probably said in dog-language, "Don, if you go with that other ugly dog any more, I'll drop you."

And so he did. The other dog is either dead or has run away, but Nank has never had anything more to do with Don. Father said it was jealousy, but mama and I don't think so. Yours truly, Geo. B. E—.

ANOTHER DOG STORY.

THE other story is this one, which comes from Augusta, Maine.

DEAR JACK: ONE of the officers at the Soldiers' National Home, Togus, Maine, owned two dogs, a thoroughbred greyhound and a pure-blooded silver "Skye." One day the servant went to the gentleman and told him the sugar was disappearing faster than they used it; he said, "You must watch, and find out, if possible, who takes it." A few days later she came to tell him it was his greyhound who was the thief. He loved his pet and could not punish him, so he told the servant that she must.

In what way the beautiful creature was corrected I do not know, but he remembered the lesson, and did not go again himself for the much-loved sweet. For some days the sugar was untouched; then it was seen to disappear too fast again. A second watch showed that the greyhound, remembering his correction, but longing for the dainty, must have communicated with his little companion, and he, the little Skye, not loving sugar himself, stole it for his mate. He was seen to go for it, and carry it to the larger dog.

As their fond master says, "I have no question in my own mind but that they had a language by which they communicated their wishes and desires to each other."

The proof to me seems strong that the hound reasoned to himself that the terrier, not loving sugar, would not be suspected of the theft and watched and punished as he had been. If they had not "talked" it over, how could he know that his faithful little friend did not love sugar, and would help him in his trouble?

Yours sincerely,
LUCY WILLIAMS C—.

A SPIDER'S INGENUITY.

HERE is a very interesting article lately sent for your amusement and instruction by a very observing friend of nature and of ST. NICHOLAS:

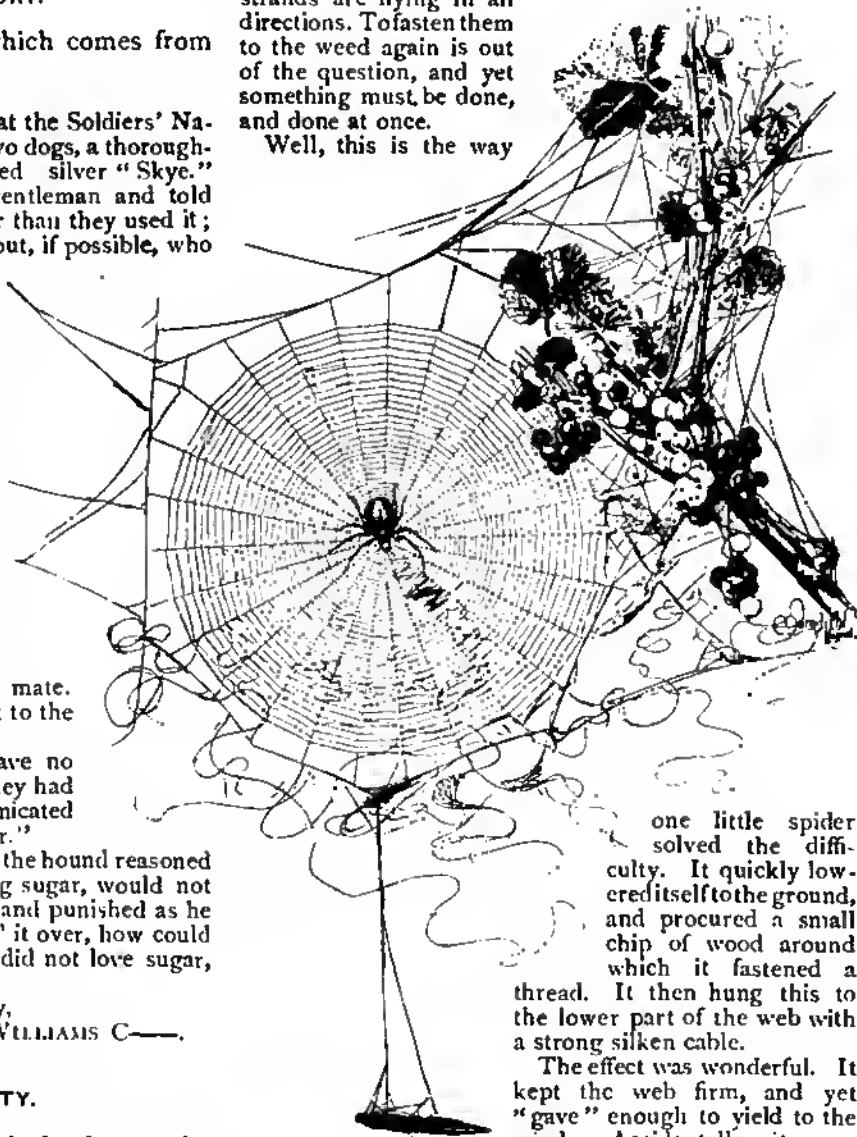
DEAR JACK: When the wind is blowing fresh, the spiders' beautiful webs are likely to be broken at any moment, and without a web the spider can have nothing to eat. To prevent such an accident requires its constant attention, and like the captain of a ship the brave little animal takes up its position in the center of its silken home and remains there until the "blow" is over.

Here the spider is in full control. The middle of the web is the central station to which all news relating to its glistening domain is sent. Every vibration, even at the most distant point, is instantly telegraphed to headquarters, and if the news be of vital importance, the spider leaves

for the scene of danger at once. There it may find that a strand has broken loose which, unless instantly repaired, will completely ruin the web.

But sometimes the accident is of such a nature that to repair the damage calls for considerable ingenuity. For instance, the lower part of the web is often fastened to a weed. When the wind begins to blow, the weed gently bows its head, and the danger to the web becomes very great: another bow more lowly than before, and the strands snap, leaving the web flapping like a sail in a wind. The spider hurries down, but everything is in confusion; the broken strands are flying in all directions. To fasten them to the weed again is out of the question, and yet something must be done, and done at once.

Well, this is the way



one little spider solved the difficulty. It quickly lowered itself to the ground, and procured a small chip of wood around which it fastened a

thread. It then hung this to the lower part of the web with a strong silken cable.

The effect was wonderful. It kept the web firm, and yet "gave" enough to yield to the wind. Accidentally it was

knocked off, but the spider recovered it and hung it as before. The web suffered no further injury although the wind blew very hard.

Some spiders use a very small stone instead of a chip of wood, and even fasten the weight to a web which is five or six feet from the ground.

Yours very truly, M. N—.

HOW ABOUT THE FLY?

MAY I ask a question? In what manner do flies—the house fly, of course, *musca domestica*—alight on the ceiling? They fly wings uppermost, and must turn round altogether to get their feet highest. They strike with their forefeet I suppose, and pivot on those, but my best attention has failed to prove my theory.

Sincerely yours, H. S. SANFORD, Jr.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

A COURTEOUS correspondent criticizes a statement made in "The Land of Pluck," in the May ST. NICHOLAS, concerning the so-called "Hook and Codfish War." But the author did not intend to convey the idea that the war was due exclusively to the incident described. According to some historians that trivial dispute was the spark that fired the already combustible material, though the war between classes was inevitable with or without that episode.

Still, another and probably better explanation of the terms *Hook* and *Kabbeljaauw* is given in the interesting letter of our kindly critic, Mr. Adrian Van Helden, "a Hollander by birth and education," who says:

"Modern historians are of opinion that the diagonal squares of blue and silver, resembling fish-scales, which constituted the livery worn by the adherents of Count William (who led the cities and middle classes in their struggle for greater liberty and influence against the nobility) caused that party to be known as Codfishes; while, in retaliation, the nobles were called Hooks, because they tried to entrap and catch those clever fishes."

READERS of Saleh Bin Osman's quaint account of his life, and of Mr. E. J. Glave's interesting article concerning him, will be glad to see this letter from a Brooklyn girl, telling how she met Saleh after one of Mr. Stanley's lectures:

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not the least remarkable of the party accompanying Mr. Stanley is his faithful young Zanzibari attendant, Saleh Bin Osman. Through the African forests with his leader, a helper and a comrade in the darkest days of the long march to Emin Pasha, faithful and honorable was Saleh to his chief. And now he has joined his fate with that of his master, and is as loyal as in the dreariest hours of the long march.

The world is small after all. Not many months have passed since we heard that Stanley was fighting his way through the dark African swamp; then we learned of his rescue of Emin Pasha, and safe arrival at Zanzibar; and now in our city we have seen Mr. Stanley and heard the great explorer's own description of his journey.

After the lecture, having expressed to our friend Mr. Glave, a wish to talk with Saleh, we went toward the green-room, where Saleh was waiting. Upon hearing his name called, the boy came quickly forward. After a few words with Mr. Glave in an African language, Saleh smiled pleasantly at me and was presented. Saleh was in ordinary dress, except that he wore the Oriental fez. He speaks English fairly well. I handed him a flower from my bouquet, and the gift was courteously acknowledged. He looked at me for an instant, and turning to Mr. Glave spoke again in his native tongue. Afterward I learned that he said he was not accustomed to such consideration from Americans. Saleh says that he receives a great deal more respect in London than in New York.

Bright as a button is the African lad; he converses readily, and his expressions are clear and often humor-

ous. He has since then visited our house several times with Mr. Glave.

Saleh is always neat and most particular as to his dress. The glistening collar and cuffs are never blemished; his straight, rather chunky figure is usually clad neatly in black, while the red fez rests upon his dark head. He has made rapid progress in his English education, both in conversation and in writing. Sometimes in the midst of some exciting narrative he will suddenly stop, gaze with piercing eyes at the ceiling, muttering the while, "Oh, what you call that word?" But somehow or other he is sure to find the missing term, and once more plunges forward. Loyalty, honor, and generosity dwell within his boyish heart, and he advances rapidly under careful teaching.

We greatly respect the faithful young Zanzibari, and wish him happiness and prosperity. NETTIE S—.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell your readers something about the United States Fish Commission, here in Washington. The object of the commission is to stock with fish the various rivers of the country, and to make scientific inquiry as to the habits, etc., and ascertain where the best fishing grounds are. Every spring the commission raise small shad at the building here in Washington. As is known by most of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, the shad, like other fish, only spawns — *i. e.*, lays its eggs — once a year, in its season, which is between the months of April and July. It is at this time that the commission secures the eggs. There is a station on the Potomac River about ten miles south of Washington, where the shad are caught in large nets and the eggs are extracted from the fish. The eggs are now sent to the main station in Washington in "egg crates," which are made especially for them. Upon arriving at Washington they are put into hatching-jars. Water is kept running through these jars by a pump. The jars are all connected with each other by pipes. The eggs, being comparatively heavy, sink to the bottom of the jars and thus escape running out at the pipe openings. All that is needed to hatch the eggs is the constant flow of water. The time of hatching is from three to four days. When the eggs hatch, the shad is only a half-inch long. They are then put in cans and sent by express to various parts of the country to be put in rivers and thus stock them. Your devoted reader, HENRY R—.

CARTHAGE, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old and my brother is twelve. We live on a farm and have very nice times together. There have been several strange events here where we live. I'll relate one. It was but a few days before Thanksgiving, therefore it was turkey-catching time. One evening all the men but papa were out catching them, — he was sitting with mama at the supper-table. A turkey, in wild fear for his life, seeing their light, flew for it, and actually went right through a pane of glass and alighted in a platter in front of papa, who carried him out. He came with such force that he scattered glass for thirty feet. Your interested reader,

M. B. K—.

CANTERBURY ROAD, OXFORD, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl. I am seven years old. We have been staying in Oxford for several months. Some of the greatest colleges in the world are here. Christ Church is the largest college; the gentleman that wrote "Alice in Wonderland" is there. I have been to Wadham College kitchen; we saw there an old-fashioned spit with a big joint of mutton roasting on it; the draught in the chimney turns a fan, which turns a chain, which turns the spit. At the side of the great chimney there is a little recess where they used in olden times to tie a dog who turned the spit. One day we went to the top of the Radcliffe Library, where we saw the spires, steeples, and towers; it was very beautiful, for my mama tells me that except in old Rome there are not so many beautiful buildings in any city as in Oxford. One of the towers of Christ Church is called "Tom Tower," and in the top hangs "Old Tom." It is a very large bell, that even mama cannot reach around with her arms; it strikes one hundred and one times at nine o'clock in the evening, and then every student must be in his own college. The students have to wear the cap and gown.

We saw some boat races called the Torpids; they are so called because of their slowness compared with the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. The coaches are men that run along on the river side and tell the men in the boats how to row. But the coach of the "Varsity crew" rides on a horse to keep up with them, because they go so quickly. I am your admiring little reader,

JANEY W.—

CHICAGO.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my trip south with my grandmother. I had been kept in the house all winter with the whooping-cough, and she thought going away to a warm climate, where I could be out of doors, would do me good.

I went first to St. Augustine, where we stayed three weeks and had a very nice time. We went to the Hotel San Marco and had a beautiful view of the ocean from our windows. We went to walk one day over to the old fort, Fort Marion. We saw the moat and the drawbridge, and the dungeon where they used to keep the prisoners. This is an old Spanish fort and is not used now. The Spaniards called it Fort San Marco, but when the Americans took it they changed the name to Fort Marion.

I saw a great many oranges growing on the trees, and the gray moss looked very strange; it looked like tangled silk hanging on the limbs of the trees.

There was a little girl who used to come every evening to the hotel with a basket of orange blossoms, and roses, and violets to sell, and I used to go very often to play in a lovely garden which belonged to a friend of my grandmother's. She let me play in the garden and pick the flowers just as I wanted to, lovely roses and violets.

A very handsome hotel is the Ponce de Leon, named after the man who was always searching for the Fountain of Youth.

On our way north we stayed one night and a day in Savannah, and one day in Augusta, then two or three days in Nashville, and one day in Cincinnati, and then home. From your little reader,

KATHARINE LAY MCC—

SAN LUIS OBISPO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Californian girl; I have always lived here and have never been out of the State. We live a mile and a half from town on a vineyard called "La Ladera." The house is on a hill and the view of the mountains and of the town is beautiful; travelers often come up to see it. From the town running northwest to

the ocean are seven tall peaks. The first is the San Luis Mountain, the second Bishop's Peak, and the last is a huge rock standing in the bay and called Morro Rock.

We have three dogs. The largest and handsomest is called Tito; he is black with a white collar and tail. The next is Topsy; she is a very bright one. The smallest is Mr. Boffiu. They are very fond of going to walk up the mountain.

I have taken you for six years and think you the best magazine printed.

I am your constant reader, ALICE V. B. H.—

KEY TO THE MUSICAL PUZZLE STORY PRINTED IN THE JULY ST. NICHOLAS.

Ed Brace was such a strange little boy, that until he reached the age of one decade his friends all feared that he never would turn out a sharp man. His head was full of crotchets, and among them was one very bad one, viz.: a determination not to learn his *a, b, c*. He would run away to catch *dace* in the brook, and pretend to be deaf when they called him to learn his lessons. His father said, "*Ed* is either a natural or a flat; I have little hope of him, as he shows no signs of intelligence." One day Farmer Brace called his son, and said, "I want a measure of corn from the mill. Here is a note to the miller. When he learns the tenor of it, he will give you the corn without any fee, as I cannot trust you with the money. Put the corn in this bag, tie it with this cord, and hold it tight." *Ed* set off, but when he had gone about an eighth of the way, he saw old *Abe*, a superannuated cab horse, grazing in a field near by. The boy climbed the bars with ease, and began to feed old *Abe* with apples; then mounting on his back he began to beat him with a staff which he carried in his hand. The horse started on a quick run across the field, and the boy was several times within an ace of falling off, when suddenly *Abe* pitched him over his head into a bee's nest. A bee stung him in the face, which began to swell rapidly. His cries rose in a wailing crescendo until they reached their loudest fortissimo. Farmer Gaff, who was plowing in a neighboring field, calling "gee" to his oxen, and trying to make them take an accelerando gait in place of their usual rallentando movement, now came to the bars and said to the boy, "I thought you were dead until I heard you scream. What are you doing in this quarter?"

"Father bade me go to the mill," he replied, "but I wanted to run away, cross the high seas, scale lofty mountains, and treble my fortune!"

"You must be off your base," replied the farmer. "Go home and let your mother put you to bed."

The boy's cries, having passed through all stages of *diminuendo* and *piano*, now reached their finale. "Yes, I will," replied *Ed*. "I am fagged out, but I shake and quaver somewhat at the prospect of my punishment. Perhaps father will tie me up, and gag me, but the result of this adventure will last the rest of my life; it will never fade from my memory, and I am sure I shall not wish to repeat it."

"That's right, sonny," answered the farmer. "Be sharp, be natural, but don't be flat!"

BERLIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Jack and I thought perhaps your readers might like to hear about Von Moltke's funeral from some one who had seen it, as we did yesterday.

General von Moltke died very suddenly, after a busy day, for, although he was ninety-one years old, he had been to two public meetings and entertained friends at dinner in the evening of the day he died.

The American flag was the first one to be put at half-

mast; all the German flags, as well as those of all other nations, were half-masted in his honor the next day throughout Berlin.

The Emperor was away from the city on a visit, but was telegraphed for, and returned immediately.

Although Von Moltke was a great general and a very celebrated man, he lived very quietly; but it was decided after his death to bury him with all the honors of a king.

The night he died a number of the commanding generals watched over his body, and the three days before he was buried there was a military guard stationed in the room where the body lay.

The room and the house itself were filled with flowers brought by friends and fellow-officers.

All who wished to do so were allowed to see his body.

We stood waiting in the crowd and scorching sun two whole hours before the funeral, but the military display and the whole pageant were well worth the trouble.

First came the "*Garde du Corps*," all in white, on horseback (the Emperor's bodyguard), then more cavalry, the Red, White, and Black Hussars, the Potsdam Regiment (soldiers of the old Emperor), then the hearse, which was the one used for the old Emperor and for his son.

The hearse was drawn by six horses draped in black; it was open, and on a high mass of flowers was the coffin, over which hung two long garlands of flowers.

On each side of the hearse walked three officers (pall-bearers) carrying large wreaths, and beside these the members of his household; behind came six or eight priests, and then the Emperor on foot, with the King of Saxony, both in full uniform.

Then followed crowds of officers, all walking, and the procession came to an end with students in their university garb and state officials in civilians' clothes.

Von Moltke was buried by the side of his wife (who died twenty-three years ago), on his own estate at Kreisau, about four hours' ride from Berlin.

The Emperor and King followed him to the grave.

I saw Von Moltke about a month ago out driving. He had a kind face, but looked his age.

I forgot to mention that Bismarck sent a beautiful wreath, but was not at the funeral, although a warm personal friend.

Your constant readers, E. and J. B.—

CHICAGO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you might like to hear about a fresh-water crab or crawfish.

At this time of the year the crabs dig holes and back into them, so it was hard for me to get one. But at last I got one and put it in a dish of water.

It was rather stupid, and so I did n't cover it.

In the middle of the night mama heard it fall out of the dish and go crawling around on the floor.

In the morning before I got dressed we tried to find the crab, but we could n't find it anywhere. So I started to put on my shoe and I could n't get my foot in the toe. I thought the lining was rumpled, and so I put my hand in, and there was the crab as surprised as I was.

I suppose he thought he had found a hole ready made.

Yours truly, ADAH W.—

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you like to hear a little of my journey to Alaska last summer? We took a large steamer at Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, called the "Queen." We had a fine large stateroom with three

berths and a sofa in it, and we sailed about three thousand miles in the most comfortable manner. We touched at several curious Indian villages, where we saw the Indian women making silver bracelets and rings. They were sitting on the ground and wore bright-colored blankets over their heads. They also weave very curious baskets made from the bark of a tree.

We saw a boarding-school at Sitka, where the large boys played for us on the brass band. Then we saw a large frozen river named the Muir Glacier. The color of it is a beautiful bright blue, and every few minutes great pieces of ice fall off with a sound like thunder.

We took all the ice for the use of the steamer from the glacier. While our steamer was waiting at the glacier, Indians came up to us in little canoes or dugouts, with baskets and skins to sell. There was one little boy dressed in an entire suit of white underclothes. He looked very cold, and we saw that his teeth chattered, and we wished very much that some one would put a blanket over him, which his mother finally did.

We sailed past beautiful snow-covered mountains, and after touching at Juneau, Sitka, and Fort Wrangel, we sailed back to Victoria. We had a very interesting trip. I hope that many others will be fortunate enough to take the same journey.

I am your little friend,

LILY M.—

MORGANFIELD, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are five little boys and ten little girls who have just begun reading you. Our teacher introduced you to us, for she loved and read you when she was little. We have read "Elfie's Visit to Cloudland," "David and Goliath," and we have read all the letters in the Letter-box, but have seen none from Kentucky. We Kentuckians are very proud of our beautiful ladies, fine horses, and the greatest natural wonder in the world, the Mammoth Cave, but not so proud of the state's great distilleries!

We are known as Miss Mame's Room, and our names are:

ANNA MAY C.	STELLA R.
EDNA L.	MAMIE TATE C.
BERRY C.	J. Y. C.
ADDIE BECK W.	BETTIE C.
MARY C.	CAMILLE B.
WILLIS B.	SALLIE F.
ROBERT R.	CASWELL McE.

BLANTON A.

AFTER the July number of ST. NICHOLAS was on the press, correct answers to the "What Is It?" question printed in the Jack-in-the-Pulpit department of the ST. NICHOLAS for April, were received from Caroline B. S., Margie F., Hortense H.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Aubrey G., Blanche and Posy, Elsa and Gretchen Van H., Georgie H. and Marie T., N. J. S., Willie K., M. K., Waddell K., F. K. Travers W., Charlotte and Jeanette, Florence H. H., Harry A., Aubrey H. W., Bertha C., F. A. D., Ethel Leslie, Mamie L. S., Edith, Maud and May, "Perseus," William J. H., Edward A., David R., Jr., Jeannie F., Elsie P., Joseph J., John McV. H., Florence W., Ethel R., May V., Edith B., Kittie B., Edythe P. R., Frances M., A. D. D., Nellie H. McC., Clare H., H. W. T., Walter S.

